

# BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

## PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS

1958

All matters relative to your room and board, mail, and any charges you may incur (apart from the regular bill for tuition, board and room) should be referred to Mr. Donovan, Resident Manager, at the INN DESK.

For details regarding the management of the School, please make inquiry at the DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. All matters pertaining to your initial registration and payment of bills, information about courses, lectures, and graduate credit should be referred to the SECRETARY'S OFFICE. Director R. L. Cook and Miss Lillian Becker, Secretary, are the staff to whom you should bring your request for information about details of the School.

### REGISTRATION PROCEDURE

Students should obtain confirmation of their courses from the Secretary's Office as soon after arrival at Bread Loaf as possible. Students who have not completed registration of courses in advance must personally consult with the Director. Appointments may be made with Miss Becker.

Registration is not completed until a registration card and a "notify in case of accident" card have been returned to the Secretary's Office. Please be sure to fill in the registration card on both sides.

A representative of the College Treasurer's Office will be in the Blue Parlor on Wednesday, June 25. It is requested that all bills which have not been paid be attended to at this time. Receipts for bills paid in advance may be obtained from the Treasurer at this time.

Please keep in mind the fact that if you wish to change your status from that of a non-credit student to that of a credit student or vice versa in any course, this change must be made on or before June 30. All changes in courses must be made with the approval of the Director. For a change from one course to another, after June 30, a charge of one dollar will be made. All persons desiring to visit classes in which they are not enrolled must also obtain permission from the Director.

### MAIL SCHEDULE

Outgoing mail must be posted not later than 9:00 A.M. and 2:00 P.M. Mail will be ready for distribution at the following hours: 10:30 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.



### MEAL HOURS

In a day or two the regular seating plan will go into effect. Please consult the chart on the dining room door to ascertain your table assignments.

#### Daily

Breakfast 7:30-8:00 A. M.  
Luncheon 12:45-1:00 P. M.  
Dinner 6:00-6:15 P. M.

#### Sunday

Breakfast 8:00-8:30 A. M.  
Dinner 1:00-1:30 P. M.  
Supper 6:00-6:30 P. M.

Since most of the waiters and waitresses are students, it is urgently requested that all students come to meals promptly, especially to breakfast, so that those who are waiting on table may be able to reach their classes on time. In the morning the door will be closed at 8:00. No students may be served breakfast after that time. Please do not ask the head waiter to make exceptions to this regulation. He has no authority to do so.

### SUPPLIES

Stationery, notebook paper, pencils, ink, etc., may be purchased at the Bookstore, post cards at the Front Desk, and cigarettes at the Snack Bar. It is impossible for credit to be extended, so please do not ask for it.

### BOOKSTORE

It is urgently requested that students purchase their texts immediately because it is frequently necessary for us to order additional copies. It is impossible to allow students to maintain charge accounts at the Bookstore, and we hope that students will cooperate by not asking for any favors of this kind. The hours when the Bookstore will be open will be announced soon.

### BREAD LOAF PARKING REGULATIONS

A preliminary notice concerning parking has been made in the bulletin. Stringently enforced state laws prohibit the parking of cars on the side of the highway, and it is requested that students and guests endeavor to keep the roads clear in front of the Inn. Students living in Maple may park their cars in the space behind the cottage; students at Tamarack on the lawn under the trees by the main road. All others should use the parking space near the Barn.

### PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS

In the Little Theatre at 8:15 Wednesday evening, President Stratton, Dr. Freeman, director of the Summer Schools, and Mr. Cook will speak briefly. An informal reception will be held in the Recreation Hall in the Barn directly after the preliminary meeting in the Little Theatre.

Mr. Robert Frost will give a lecture-reading at 8:15 P.M. on Monday, June 30.



A Causerie on Word, Image, and Metaphor

Opening Address B L E S

June 25, 1958

R. L. Cook

For more than ten years I have stood up here at the opening of the English School to say a few words about the particular meaning of Bread Loaf in American education. Although I tried to make the talks sound different, I think I was getting in a rut. This year I'm signing off from the topic of Bread Loaf and education. Ten years in that groove is enough. I am reminded of what happened to Henry Thoreau at Walden Pond in 1845. He hadn't got his cabin in order a week before he found his feet had worn a path from his door to the pondside. Five years after leaving, he still could distinctly trace the path. "The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men"; he reminds us, "and so with the paths which the mind travels." He is right about the deep ruts of tradition and conformity. It has occurred to me that this particular rut, like those traces of the early stage-roads one sees out in the West just off the main transcontinental highway, are interesting solely as reminders of the old days, but these are the new days and I'm for the new highway. Tonight the topic has to do with words, images, and metaphor.

Toward the close of the Divinity School Address, Emerson refers to an unfortunate Sabbath experience. As he sat quietly listening in the pew, it was snowing outside, yet what the preacher said had connection neither with his life nor with the reality within or without the church. The snowstorm was real but the preacher was only spectral. "He had," commented Emerson, "no one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended or cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted, we were none the wiser for it...."

Not a line did he draw out of real history." Now I realize that in trying to avoid the shortcoming of this poor stick of a preacher, one can readily err on the other side. In referring to our own experience, they can assume an exaggerated priority. Mindful of this, I want to say that if this causerie has any meaning, the meaning must be charged with personal experience. It must be related somehow to my own experience, or, like the preacher who nearly drove Emerson from the church, it fails in relevance and conviction. If I am going to talk about words and images and metaphor, whose reactions have you a right to expect?

Since the fascination in literature starts with words, I recall what an impact certain words had on me as a freshman in high school. Take, for example, the word "clarification." It is always associated in my mind with a tall, complicated, gleaming, brand-new De Laval cream separator, the virtues of which an earnest demonstrator explained to the assembled students in a certain Massachusetts high school. Once during the talk the demonstrator used the word clarification in such a striking way it has stayed with me. When one of my students writes: 'Art is clarification of reality', I am affected as profoundly as Marcel Proust's Swann was by the musical motif. It is neither 'art' nor 'reality' that affects me in the sentence; it is the word 'clarification'. I like that word. I picked it up at that day's assembly. It took on meaning--a good functional word. Then I began to discover the words in the books I read. From Lord Jim I took placate, spoliation, batrachian; from Jude the Obscure, intercalated, cretaceous, epicene; from Huck Finn, toted, brash, stumped, slick up. And then one day, while in college, I heard a well-known poet talk about words he had liked and the discoveries he had made in studying their etymology. He mentioned 'vicissitudes', which he had always thought



meant irregular, but which he found really meant regular, changes. Years after, I heard the same poet examine a Chaucerian word --sursanure--rewardingly, and I could see he was keeping shop in the same place. In "The Franklin's Tale", it reads:

And wel ye know that of a sursanure  
In surgery is perilous the cure  
And men myghte touche arwe, or come thereby.

Nevil Coghill renders it as follows:

A wound that's only surface--healed can be  
A perilous thing, you know, in surgery  
Unless the arrow-head be taken out.

Sursanure interested the poet because it meant a wound that has to be opened before it heals. "It's got a symbol in it," he said, with the interest of one who has made a discovery that sometime would prove useful to him. I was beginning to discover what was in a word. Oh, Jespersen! Oh, Henry Bradley! Oh, A.C.Baugh!

The next step showed me that vitality drains away when there is no longer a direct connection between the word and the thing. Separate the word from the thing and the word becomes abstract and sapless. The vitalizer of words, I began to see, is the concrete image, either auditory or visual. When Walt Whitman refers to "the flup" of a pike as it leaps from the water, in a rudimentary way he is making a contribution to our verbal knowledge. The auditory 'flup' carries a payload. And when Whitman sees a man beneath the surface swimming through "the transparent green-shine," his compounded image is magnificently precise and concrete. You stand there looking into the water depth. We say it is the imagination that sees things. This is true enough. When seen imaginatively the concrete image always appears a little differently, as though it were seen through not only by the eye. It is just such imaginative seeing that enables Gerard Manley Hopkins to describe lambs frolick-

ing in the field with a twist of seeing like no one else's. Hopkins says: "It was as though it was the ground that tossed them." These are the early lambs I see at a local Sheep Farm in late March that seem to bounce straight up as though raised vertically by an invisible pulley. But you see at once that Hopkins has done it better. "It was as though it was the ground that tossed them." And why not? They are infected with an Antean springiness.

Words are passive enough until acted upon by the imagination. The imagination is alerted by our senses to reality and is thus the means by which language is freshened. It is the visual sense that sees the yellow in the sand, the yellow in the lion, and it is the poet's imagination that combines them in Ezra Pound's "lion-colored sands." It is the visual sense again that sees the dull greyish fog and notices discriminately a similar color in the hide of an elephant. Combining the two we have Marianne Moore's accurate and original descriptive term for elephants as we see them in zoo, circus, or cinemascope "with their fog-colored skins." In earlier, brighter days, Ezra Pound revealed an open secret. "Language," he said, "is made out of concrete things." That is, language is made out of flup and green-shine, lion-colored and fog-colored; and out of springy lambs that are tossed by the ground.

After our nonage when we go around enamoured of words, like Hart Crane with the word 'spindrift', or like Keats desirous of brighter words than bright and fairer words than fair, then we settle down to the study of them. We begin to learn that when a word is precisely used we renew in it its original implication. In detecting in it an affinity for the image we make it our intimate. We move in the direction of the magic of art. The penultimate word is here very important..the magic of art. For, in the art of literature, no less than in the skills of the Trobriand Islanders



Malinowski tells us about in The Argonauts of the Western Pacific, the magic of the thing is synonymous with the art of the thing. Writers cast spells just as sorcerers exercise sorcery. There is a rather complicated sorcery, say, in The Castle, To a Lighthouse, Ulysses, Absalom, Absalom! and The Stranger.

In the practise of magic the source of the sorcerer's magical virtue inheres in the spell. The spell is occult, and, as a formula, its utterance is the core of the magical performance. Malinowski, our authority in such matters, says that a nexus exists between the object (to get fish or a good yield of yams) and its magic. Magic is the quality of the relation between man and the thing. Never man-made, nevertheless it is always made for man. It is not derived from observation of nature or knowledge of its laws. It is a primeval possession known only through tradition and through affirming the autonomous power of creating desired ends. Residing exclusively in man, magic is a unique force let loose by the primitive sorcerer's magical art in the performance of the rite. If the sorcerer is adept in releasing the virtue of the spell, his efficiency is apparent. And he can readily undo what he has done if it turns out imperfectly. The spell is the thing and the sorcerer's efficiency consists in the spoken or chanted formula, in a dramatic ceremonial rite, and in the sorcerer himself.

There are similarities and differences between primitive magic and the magic of art. The magic of art possesses, like primitive magic, a quality of relationship between man and the object. It is the indefinable but identifiable quality in Whitman's perception of the effect light has on objects in water, or the effect that the sound of an object has upon the listener, like the pike leaping, or the effect that a stretch of beach sand and the epidermis of an elephant have upon eyes that both distinguish and associate. In literature the white magic of art is

derived from observation of man and nature, and a knowledge of the laws fundamental to both add conviction to poem, story, or play. Yet a license may be claimed by a poet when, for example, a declining moon is described as dragging the whole sky with it "to the hills." But it is precisely because the source of art is so firmly based upon exact observation that its impact upon our sensibilities and intellect is invigorating and liberating. Henry James said, "Present! Present!" and this is the sine qua non of the writer. The reader exclaims: 'See! See!' And what the reader sees is the embodiment in art of the world of reality that surrounds and fairly immerses him.

The uniqueness of art is a matter of personal talent and hence psychological. The uniqueness in primitive magic is a matter of some universally pervasive force which is to be tapped, as though the sorcerer had a direct pipeline to the strange gods. Inspired a writer may be, but art, as I see it, consists not in what the writer's daemon does with him. It is the writer's ability to handle his daemon that chiefly matters. The rest if not silence is at least esoteric and belongs with the Eleusinian mysteries. We can tell from watching a novelist handle his material something about the source of his spell. When a character in "The Tempest" speaks about "some vanity of (his) art," we get the point. He is in control of his medium. This is why he is a master of the revels. His greatest art is at his beck and call; he summons it up and exhibits it at will. In consequence, it is a grand show which he puts on. And similarly, what grand shows Moby Dick, The Brothers Karamazov, War and Peace, and Tom Jones are! Each of these, after its fashion, is an inspired book, and it may be justly said that the talented part is what we see going onto the page. What we call genius is what comes directly off the page. Genius is, to inflect



the previous James' quotation, presented; that is, dramatized. And by studying a writer's art we come to see how the spell is cast. "Magic," as Satre said of Faulkner, "makes magical everything it touches." So does art. There is the great tradition in art as in primitive magic. Our Melvilles have picked up a thing or two from Shakespeare; our Hemingways from Stendhal and Flaubert; our modern poets from Donne and/or Coleridge, Rimbaud, and Li-Po. Wherever you look, to echo dryden on the influence of genius, "you track him everywhere in their snow."

Nowhere is the mastery of one's materials more rewardingly viewed than in metaphor. Metaphor is the indispensable magic of writers. It is the way the sophisticated writer has of casting his spell. To understand metaphor we must turn to the metaphorists themselves. They are our witnesses. They testify to the case as presented. Metaphor is the track of a lion. Wherever you come upon this track you can be sure big game is abroad. And whether you track it with gun or telephoto lens, the fascination of the word is here renewed and compounded. For it is even more intriguing to come upon the track of the big cat than to explore its antecedence. Out in the San Diego Zoo at Balboa Park the little circular indentations in the gray sand where the rattlesnakes had coiled were far more imaginatively suggestive than the actual presence of the coiled snakes.

What is, as Wallace Stevens has asked, the motive for metaphor? How is it used? What is its effect upon us? I shall be thinking over these queries for the rest of my life. There is always the excitement of the writer renewing metaphor in fresh images. Let's start with Stevens. His poem "The Motive for Metaphor" is a good run-way and the poem is short enough to be grasped as a whole.

You like it under the trees in autumn,  
Because everything is half dead.  
The wind moves like a cripple among the leaves  
And repeats words without meaning.

In the same way, you were happy in spring,  
 With the half colors of quarter-things,  
 The slightly brighter sky, the melting clouds,  
 The single bird, the obscure moon--

The obscure moon lighting an obscure world  
 Of things that would never be quite expressed,  
 Where you yourself were never quite yourself  
 And did not want nor have to be,

Desiring the exhilarations of changes:  
 The motive for metaphor, shrinking from  
 The weight of primary noon,  
 The A B C of being,

The ruddy temper, the hammer  
 Of red and blue, the hard sound--  
 Steel against intimation--the sharp flash,  
 The vital, arrogant, fatal, dominant X.

Here the motive for metaphor is, if Stevens is being correctly interpreted, the desire for the implied ("the half colors of quarter-things") rather than the direct relationship to things ("The vital, arrogant, fatal, dominant X.") The half-tone, the nuance, the suggested, the implied is Willa Cather's "inexplicable presence of the thing not named," and Hemingway's "writing on water" as Ben Hecht calls it, or Huxley's story which is told "in the white spaces between the lines."

Turning from this provocative and characteristic poem to another poet's thoughts on the motive for metaphor, we find Mr. Frost has been the champion of education by metaphor for as long as we can remember. Lately, in one of his talks at the English School, he used a charged metaphor. Some of you will recall how he has contended that no idea amounted to a great deal unless it had a fresh metaphor in it. And by metaphor he said he meant simply "two things compared." His own steps forward he thought were by the comparisons he made: first, probably, by comparisons of matter with matter, and later, by comparison of spirit in terms of matter and matter in terms of spirit. And he likes to make comparisons in terms



of the sports world--the athletic field, the gridiron, ring, rink, court, diamond or track. Once someone said to him that he didn't believe that anyone should bring a child into a world like this. Mr. Frost asked us: "What are you going to say to this?" And nimbly he answered his own rhetorical question: "Well, say it's just the same as bringing him onto the tennis court. He doesn't come onto the tennis court to see whether it's a good tennis court. He comes onto a tennis court to see if he's any good at tennis. It isn't a matter of whether it's a good world or not." "See," he added, "I get out of it. It's a metaphor." Yes, it's a metaphor--and all metaphor breaks down if you press it too hard--but this is a metaphor in which is compressed the essential element in a poet's view of life. The nub of Mr. Frost's rejoinder reminds me of Thoreau's statement in Walden about driving life into a corner, so that, if it proved mean, he intended to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and, if it were sublime, to know it by experience. Here you are, Mr. Frost seemed to be saying, and you can't do much about it, so make up your mind to show what you're made of. In citing Mr. Frost I am suddenly made aware that metaphor is a way of adventuring with the mind. It's a resource we have in thinking by which we get ourselves out of corners we're backed into. We think our way out ingeniously in metaphor.

In addition to the ways that Wallace Stevens and Robert Frost have of looking at metaphor, there's another one. Metaphor is, in T.E. Hulme's metaphorical words, "the fire struck between stones." It is a predisposition of the analogical mind to see each in all and all in each. As such it represents the capacity of the mind to diffract the world of reality into multiple association. The delight in metaphor is in seeing two similar but not identical things spring up like Roderick Dhu's men or Robin Hood's band where only the heather of the Trossachs

and the greenwoods of the York Riding stood before.

A writer always exercises an option. He can resist the analogy; he can refuse the comparison; he can deny the metaphor. But I suspect that basically one motive for metaphor is the strong desire to detect the unity which underlies "ten thousand things." The writer, like Heracles at his seven labors, securely holds Proteus, and, in this analogy, to mix thoroughly our religions and our cultures, he grasps him until he gets the blessing that identifies Proteus in his original form. The fact is you do see a thing more clearly when you see it in relationship to something else. For example, I see as in profile the New Mexican mesa or the Montana butte when they loom above the floor of the prairie's semi-arid terrain. Similarly, in "Coriolanus", I see in perspective the protagonist's military manner and career, when, in a virile metaphor, Coriolanus addresses his antagonists:

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I  
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioles.  
Alone I did it.

Such a metaphor justly sets off Coriolanus from the lesser breed.

Since metaphor sees likeness in all things, it implies the discovery of an order and enables us to perceive unity in diversity. This is as true in the world of science. The physicist Niels Bohr finds a model for the atom in a planetary system, the chemist Kekulé's benzene ring is likened to revolving snakes, and the astronomer Jeans' stellar universe resembles, in its multiplicity of stars, "something like the total number of grains of sand on all the seashores of the world."

Not only is metaphor a writer's or scientist's way of relating things by comparison, it is also a reader's way of seeing. By rendering concrete the intangible qualities of things, metaphor familiarizes the world about us. "My love," says Burns, "is like a red, red rose," and the particular object of his affections becomes



as real as the combined senses of sight, touch and smell can make her. "The moon," says Stephen Crane, in The Red Badge of Courage, "had been lighted and was hung in a treetop." Even in the awful business of war the moon is no longer quite so impersonal. It is only like a lantern that the raw recruit Private Henry Fleming, a farm boy from upper New York state and a member of the 304th regiment, might have hung up on a tree or post the better to light him at his farm work. This is one way metaphor affects a reader. There are other ways. There is an infectious vivacity and liveliness in a figure that Andre Gide uses in his Journal (December 13, 1907) to describe the effect that a storm had on his mind. "Frightful, wonderful squall all night long," noted Gide. "My mind seems to be lifted up by the wind--carried off like a kite--a kite on the end of a rubberband." Two metaphors from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals communicate beauty of association, the first describing the sound of a waterfall as touched with felicity, the second--moonlight on the mountains--appears with a rare lucidity. "There was no one waterfall above another," says Dorothy Wordsworth of a Westmorland scene, "--it was the sound of waters in the air--the voice of the air." And then of the moonlight, as we have ourselves sometimes seen it here at Bread Loaf, "the moonlight," she says, "lay upon the hills like snow." And in the Journal of Delacroix consider this bold, self-revealing metaphor in which the painter uses the figure of the snake in the hands of Pythoness, the priestess of Apollo at Delphi who had the power of divination. "If I am not quivering like a snake in the hands of Pythoness," he writes, "I am cold; I must recognize it and submit to it, and to do so is happiness."

It would be very tiring and, perhaps, after all, needless, and probably a poor tactic to enumerate the myriad kinds of metaphor and the particular effect they have

upon the reader so remarkable is the proclivity of the human mind to analogize. A run of figures leaves us dizzy, not invigorated and enlightened as we should be. Stephen Crane is a good object lesson. His impressionistic technique has a flaw. He thought imagistically, and, so picture-prone is he, the effect of reading some of his stories is to be inflicted with an agitated eye.

Finally, for our purposes this evening we should look once more at the broad spear of our metaphorical lion. On August 29, 1908, Joseph Conrad wrote a letter to Arthur Symonds. It was the kind of letter a writer feels like writing when he thinks he has been understood, and it is the kind of letter he is able to write if he is Joseph Conrad. It was written in recognition of the discerning Symonds' sympathetically intelligent insight into his novels. The metaphor is a sustained one, and, as you hear and see it, you will doubtless think, as I do, that this is a studied one, as though Joseph Conrad had kept the particular image up his sleeve, and that now, about to be called at the show-down, he flashed an ace. Symonds is the man Conrad wanted to impress.

"The earth," says Conrad, "is a temple where there is going on a mystery play, childish and poignant, ridiculous and awful enough, in all conscience. Once in I've tried to behave decently. I have not degraded any quasi-religious sentiment by tears and groans; and if I have been aroused or indignant, I've neither grinned nor gnashed my teeth. In other words, I've tried to write with dignity, not out of regard for myself, but for the sake of the spectacle, the play with an obscure beginning and an unfathomable dénouement.

"I don't think that this has been noticed. It is your penitent beating the floor with his forehead and the ecstatic worshippers at the rails that are obvious to the public eye. The man standing quietly in the shadow of the pillar, if noticed at all, runs the risk of being suspected of sinister designs. Thus I've been called a heartless wretch, a man without ideals and a poseur of brutality. But I will confess to you under seal of secrecy that I don't believe I am such as I appear to mediocre minds."

Here is a largeness and grandeur of image only to be found in the great metaphors, and, by contrast, an humble personal relationship to life's inscrutable



mystery play. And note also Joseph Conrad's apologia--a sensitively imaginative comment on where he stands, inobvious and likely to be misunderstood but quiet and reverent, in contrast to the exuberant devotees and the exhibitionistic worshippers. Combined in this metaphor are the amplitude of the universe, its wondrousness and everlasting mystery, and the detached but significantly dignified presence of the human being. This is the track of the lion we've been following for thirty or forty minutes--from word to image to metaphor. It is a track similar to the one you have come upon before in Prospero's great speech, "our revels now are ended--," or in Milton's rhetorical thrust at "a fugitive and cloistered virtue" in Areopagitica, or the invocation to the Nantucketer in Moby Dick who lives on the sea, "as prairie cocks in the prairie" and hides among the waves and climbs them "as chamois hunters climb the Alps." For six weeks you'll be tracking the lion in every course in our curriculum. He is "the vital, arrogant, fatal, dominant X"; his track is "the half colors of quarter-things."

Bread Loaf School of English

1958 Seniors (13)

Congdon, Seneca Parry

Conole, Mary Elizabeth

DeLisser, Horace

Feeley, Mary Frances

Foster, Robert George

Fuller, Cleora Christopher

Hatch, Charles Stearns

Holden, Florence Virginia

Hutchison, Wilma Orin

Morey, Eileen

Sweet, Robert Burdette

Vaughn, Franklin Howard (President)

Werner, Stanley Augustine



File

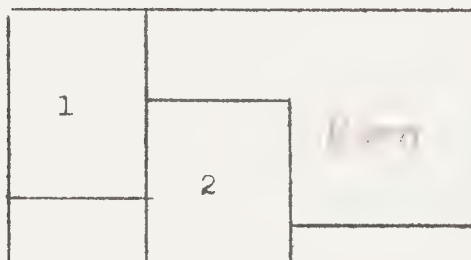
BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH  
1958  
General Statistics

<u>Student attendance by states:</u> (according to home address)		Total student attendance	130
California	3	Men students	46
Connecticut	11	Women students	84
Dist. of Columbia	1	Old students	56
Florida	1	New students	74
Illinois	5	Number of colleges repr.	91
Indiana	5	Graduated post-1950	79
Iowa	2	Graduated pre-1950	46
Maine	3	Undergraduates	5
Maryland	3	Off-campus students	6
Massachusetts	13	Candidates for a Midd. M.A.	83
Michigan	1	Scholarship students	5
Minnesota	2	Seniors	13
Nebraska	2	Prospective 1959 seniors	12
New Hampshire	5	Veterans	6
New Jersey	5	Auditors	9
New York	22	Working for 8 credits	10
Ohio	8	" " 7 "	3
Oregon	1	" " 6 "	80
Pennsylvania	21	" " 5 "	10
Rhode Island	1	" " 4 "	14
Utah	1	" " 3 "	1
Vermont	6	" " 2 "	3
Virginia	1		
Wisconsin	2		
Canada	5		
(23 states & D. C. represented)			

Attendance by courses:

Modern literary criticism	26
Composition and criticism	14
The Achievement of American fiction	47
History of the English language	19
Shakespeare	20
Yeats, Eliot, and Auden	42
Classical Drama	18
Modern works of the imagination	22
Romantic poets and society	28
The Concept of individualism in Am. lit.	29
Play directing	14
Chaucer	14
The Irish revival	11
Ancient poetry and romance	36

SCHEDULE OF CLASSES  
1958



8:30 A.M.

1	Modern Literary Criticism	Mr. Sypher	Barn 1
17	Composition and Criticism	Mr. Meredith	Barn 2
50	The Achievement of American Fiction	Mr. Terrie	Little Theater 3

9:30 A.M.

9	History of the English Language	Mr. Anderson	Barn 2
14	Yeats, Eliot, and Auden	Miss Drew	Little Theater 3
28	Shakespeare	Mr. Howarth	Barn 1
103	Classical Drama	Mr. Hadas	Little Theater 5

10:30 A.M.

5	Modern Works of the Imagination	Mr. Meredith	Barn 2
11	Romantic Poets and Society	Mr. Sypher	Little Theater 3
30	The Concept of Individualism in American Literature	Mr. Terrie	Barn 1

11:30 A.M.

7a	Play Directing	Mr. Volkert	Little Theater 3
19	Chaucer	Mr. Anderson	Barn 2
100	The Irish Revival	Mr. Howarth	Little Theater 5
104	Ancient Poetry and Romance	Mr. Hadas	Barn 1



The Bread Loaf School of English

ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAM

1958

Monday, June 30	Robert Frost	Poetry reading and talk At 8:15 P.M.
Monday, July 7	Mrs. Norma Holmes Auchter	A piano recital At 8:00 P.M.
Monday, July 14	A string quartet Directed by Mr. Alan Carter	At 8:00 P.M.
Friday, July 18	Three one-act plays:	Evreinov's <u>Theater of the Soul</u> Pirandello's <u>The Doctor's Duty</u> Shakespeare's "Pyramus and Thisbe" scene from <u>A Midsummer Night's</u> <u>Dream.</u> At 8:30 P.M.
Monday, July 21	Mrs. Norma Holmes Auchter	A piano recital At 8:00 P.M.
Friday, August 1	Saroyan's <u>Time of Your Life</u>	At 8:30 P.M.
Monday, August 4	Richard Blackmuir	A lecture At 7:30 P.M.

And Square Dancing led by Mr. John Wesley of Middlebury on Friday, June 27,  
and Saturdays, July 5, 12, 19, 26, and August 2. At 8:45 P.M.

The Bread Loaf School of English

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

August 9, 1958

Moses Hadas

Amateur and Professional

For us who live our lives within sound of the school bell graduation is the most festive and solemn day in the calendar. For the graduates it marks public recognition of achievement, for the teachers an instalment on their obligation to their discipline and to society. And where, as here this evening, it is a graduate degree that is conferred the significance is heightened; the teachers acquire new co-workers to cultivate and propagate the legacy of which they are stewards, and the new initiates acquire status in a particular guild. In that sense the Master of Arts of the Bread Loaf School of English is a professional degree. Actually this is a fraud, a righteous and admirable fraud, but in the light of currently accepted educational practice a fraud nevertheless. I am sure that no professor at Bread Loaf has ever limited his teaching to neat parcels to be retailed to high school students; I am sure that no professor at Bread Loaf has wasted his precious sessions on teaching how to teach. The fraud does not disturb our serenity because we hold that knowledge and love of literature and persistent curiosity about it are the prime requisites for communicating it to others.

We do communicate a body of knowledge and we do give examinations; but whereas the teacher in a professional school, even the teacher of a laboratory science in high school or college, assumes that he is addressing embryo professionals, we never assume that we are addressing embryo philologists or philosophers. Our students may become philosophers or philologists, but that is not the object of our teaching or their study. Our enterprise is in the best sense amateur. Few things so pure are left in our busy lives. Our quest for knowledge



and understanding is carried on for its own sake, not for practical exploitation; and if, incidentally, some of us earn a living by teaching our amateur standing is untainted. For one thing, easier and more glittering rewards are available elsewhere, even in the field of teaching.

Sharing the amateur adventure of intellectual discovery and attainment creates a stronger bond than sharing bread and salt and shelter. That is why the moment of parting is so poignant, that is why your classmates and your teachers and this mountain will be cherished in your memories and grow more precious whatever professional loyalties you may develop. But the bond of the common humanistic experience is not limited to your own campus or your own generation; it extends over time and space. All of us who have assimilated the same books and music and art and the outlooks and aspirations which they nurture, at whatever time and place we live, become part of a single texture and are closer to one another than we are to merely physical neighbors. This bond we all feel, though like all profound feelings we seldom articulate it. The union is like a good marriage between a man and a woman, of which Homer makes Odysseus say that "it is a joy to their friends, a grief to their enemies (in this case the people who call us egg-heads), but they themselves know it best."

The tradition of which we have become a part and which we must in turn propagate will be carried on--of that there can be no doubt; institutions where the humanistic legacy is cultivated for its own sake will survive because humanity must have them. But competing claims are becoming more insistent. Demands for other and more professional types of education, on the grounds of sheer survival, have become so exigent as to infect even devotees of amateur education with honest perplexity. It may serve to clarify our thoughts on the relative claims of the two approaches to education if we look at the history of the tension between the two. We must begin with the Greeks, who determined the directions and shaped the contours European civilization was to assume. The most important legacy of the

Greeks was not so much their literature or their philosophy or their art but the thing which subsumes their achievements in these and other fields and gives them their character--the notion of what an educated man should be.

The earliest European institutions recognizably analogous to our own colleges were two rival schools founded in Athens early in the fourth century B.C., one by Plato, who is a household word, and the other by Isocrates, who is now, alas, only a seminar word. For it was Isocrates' system, to our good fortune, which prevailed in Europe. Plato's social ideal was based on specialization of function, and his education was not only specialist but exclusive. Cobblers must stick to their lasts and flautists to their flutes and not meddle with crafts for which they have not been trained. But neither should non-specialists vote or read a book except under professional direction. For the directing professionals, to be sure, Plato's training was very exacting; its basis was a hard core of mathematics. And it was exclusive, being limited to chosen disciples who must have long and continuous personal contact with the master. In the defense of his career in the revealing Seventh Epistle Plato asserts that no one could ever learn his doctrine from books; it could be communicated only by a kind of electric flash. Aristotle deviated from Plato in many ways, but in education he even ~~out~~ did his master's professionalism. The Aristotelians established research programs in various subjects, always adapting the biologist's approach, and in several attained high professional proficiency. In Alexandria the tendency was carried to its extreme; scientists lost all touch with society, and poets wrote only for one another. But something went out of life. In the classical period any gentleman was expected to be able to accompany himself on an instrument, to perform competently in the gymnasium, to read books; now instead of amateurs there were only virtuosi and champions and philologists.

And there was another difference. The years after Aristotle's death saw political and social revolution not unlike that of the twentieth century. In



particular the protective insulation of small autarkic states was broken down and men had to find a new mode of looking upon themselves and the world. Other schools of thought strove to meet the challenge. Stoics and Epicureans consciously tried to help individuals redress the imbalance between the vastly enlarged world and newly diminished man, the Stoics by exalting the importance of the individual and making him part of the directing intelligence of the cosmos, the Epicureans by reducing the importance of the cosmos. The Peripatetics in the Aristotelian tradition kept to the shelter of laboratory and library, chirping, as Timon said, like birds imprisoned in a cage.

Isocrates' school was different. For Isocrates the preeminence of man and the criterion of his humanity was the word. Logos does not yet have the mystical meaning it has in the Fourth Gospel, but it is moving in that direction. Greek is to barbarian, Isocrates said, as man is to animal. Man's distinction is logos, and the Greek's distinction is good and plentiful logoi. The more logoi a man knows, the more things he can remember and think, the fuller human being he is. And when Isocrates says "Greek," significantly, he is not speaking of race; Greek, he says, is defined not by race but by education, so that we are all in effect Greeks. And this expansion of humanity was made an express part of their program by both Stoics and Epicureans. A central element in Stoic teaching is that all men alike are members of the oikoumene, in effect, members of one another. But the Epicureans too were eager to share their doctrine. Epicurus wrote text-books to enable everyone to learn, and even graded text-books, the Smaller Epitome and the Larger. This constitutes a very meaningful departure from Plato's exclusiveness. All men capable of participating in the humanistic legacy are now invited to do so, each to the extent of his capacities but without the expectation that they should become professional philosophers. As contrasted with Plato's professional approach Isocrates' could only be called amateur. It is true that among

some of Isocrates' posterity preoccupation with elegant words has blinded men to essential meanings. But aside from temporary aberrations, like the so-called Second Sophistic in the second century A.D., Isocrates' system, which amounts to the perpetuation and assimilation of the humanistic legacy through a traditional canon of books, has persisted. It is this system which has given European civilization its characteristic contours and essential unity. It is this legacy which is the basis of our liberal arts education.

Should we perpetuate this legacy, and can we? Many thoughtful people who believe that we should are afraid that we cannot, because the demands of our way of life leave no room for humanistic preoccupations. Some believe that we should not, and their position is indeed the more respectable intellectually. The old, they argue, has become so laden with connotations grown irrelevant that its artificial propagation serves only to perpetuate antiquated conventions and hamper natural and necessary innovation. If we carried this line of reasoning to its logical conclusion we should have to abolish all familiar symbols of language and the arts and communicate only through mathematics. There is a kind of stark fascination in this prospect, but I cannot think that such a program needs to be refuted in this company. When Zeus came new to his job, we read in Aeschylus' Prometheus, and saw what a deplorable lot mankind was he thought of making a clean sweep and a fresh start; but even Zeus thought better of it.

More commonly the debate centers not on "should we" but on "can we." Humanistic education is a lovely thing, it is acknowledged, but it is a luxury we can no longer afford. (It may be worth mentioning, in passing, that the Russians think they can afford it. Periodicals analogous to those in my own field which circulate in the hundreds in this country circulate in the thousands in Russia.) The impulse of the defenders is then to insist on its practical usefulness. This is a tactical mistake; the essential characteristic of liberal



arts subjects is that they must be impractical. The study of Latin, for example, cannot be defended on the ground that it helps spelling; it may, but spelling can be learned more economically from a spelling book. Latin and similarly impractical subjects are a refined kind of play, to be carried on in an amateur spirit, and require no further justification. Not as its primary objective, but only incidentally, play does produce practical results, perhaps indeed more important than results consciously striven for. Play rather than logoi, or better, play including logoi, may be the most characteristically human activity of all; in his illuminating Homo Ludens the eminent Dutch scholar Huizinga holds that it is and suggests that all great advances in civilization have arisen out of what is essentially play. The seminal theories which have transformed science tend to come not out of an engineering but out of a liberal arts atmosphere.

For a spectacular illustration I turn again to antiquity. The most impressive physical achievement of the Greeks, in my judgment, was their spread of hellenism over the entire near and middle east in the century after Alexander the Great. The only western analogy of cultural imperialism on such a scale that comes to mind is the spread of English culture in America; but whereas the English settlers found scattered neolithic aborigines, the Greeks encountered the heirs of proud and ancient civilizations from whom their own ancestors had learned, and who now accepted Greek values to the degree that they looked upon themselves as barbarians. How did the Greeks do it? Not by force of arms; Alexander's 30,000 Macedonians might easily have become orientalized instead of the other way around. The Greeks preserved their identity and propagated their way of life by education. The first thing any handful of Greeks did when they settled in a new place was to establish a gymnasion, and ruins of Greek theaters are found wherever Greeks settled, even in far-off Babylon. But the interesting thing is the curriculum of the hellenistic schools. They did not teach the tech-

nology which made them efficient and which the natives admired, but Homer and tragedy and Plato, which were as impractically classic in that age as they are in this. It was the shared experience of a common body of literature which enabled the Greeks to preserve their identity and their unity, and which enabled them also to determine the directions culture would take, not only in the east but also in the west and across the ocean. Through centuries of history all literate Europeans were, by Isocrates' definition, Greeks. The humanistic legacy was not an object of antiquarian curiosity but a common possession. It was not, as the Peripatetic tradition would have made it, the preserve of professional scholars.

It was during the nineteenth century that it came into danger of becoming so. Students of literature felt obliged to emulate their brethren in the natural sciences, and, like their colleagues in ancient Alexandria, made their speciality into a kind of priestcraft, not accessible to the uninitiate. Books were transformed into laboratory specimens. The laboratory work was enormously impressive, but even the experts often forgot what the ultimate objective of their craft was. A professor started a course on the Oedipus Rex by declaring the play worth while because it offered so many grammatical anomalies. Another on his death bed deplored his wasted life: if he had limited himself to the dative of the agent instead of rashly undertaking to study datives generally he might have achieved something. But the chief losers were ordinary readers, whom the professional exclusiveness tended to rob of their birthright. In the old days a speaker in Parliament would begin a Homeric verse and expect the entire House to shout the remainder. This was not a stunt, but a highly economical use of symbols of communication. The loss of the pregnant symbol based on a common cultural store may be as impoverishing as the loss of pi to express the relationship of the radius of a circle to its periphery.



In our own time technology has enhanced the position of the expert and endowed him with something like a priestly mystique. If a cobbler cannot be trusted with a flute he can certainly not be trusted with a television mechanism. But dependence upon the expert has spread to areas where we could better shift for ourselves, as in turning the television off or on, and in consequence it has become more difficult for an individual to retain intellectual independence than in the most credulous of the middle ages. Periodicals which circulate in the millions, television programs which are followed by more millions, inculcate ideals and aspirations which experts have decided we must adopt and conform to. I do not mean to imply that publishers and broadcasters have entered into a conspiracy to enforce uniformity and discourage independence, but the effect is the same. We are like the anemic wretches in Plato's allegory of the cave in Republic 7. They, you remember, were chained to their seats in the darkness so that they could only look at shadows on a screen--reel after reel of moving pictures which they had not chosen and had not the wit to criticize. When one adventurous soul wrenched himself loose and made his way to the upper air he found the air too clear at first, the colors too strong, the outlines too sharp. When he realized the truth he dashed back to tell the others that they were being deceived by empty shadows, but they bade him be silent and threatened to lynch him. So far can corruption go.

We are all in danger of corruption when we abdicate to the professionals in areas where professionalism is out of place. The only effective prophylactic is the stalwart spiritual independence which a liberal education fosters. This does not mean that innovations, even in the life of the spirit, are to be discouraged. We want new and deviationist books and pictures and music, but we need our own gauge by which to appraise them. A man who has never read a play might be entranced by the flimsiest melodrama; a man who has read many

plays has a basis for criticism. The new play need not, indeed should not, be an imitation of the ancient, but its merits can be more surely judged and its innovations appreciated by reference to the existing legacy.

That is why the liberal arts kind of education is more essential today than it has been in the past. We need a proportion of people with sufficient ballast and sufficient perspective to resist the professionals when they poach beyond their proper jurisdiction. That is why it is incumbent upon the newly initiated stewards of the humanist tradition to cherish the legacy with special care, not to be content with "but they themselves know it best," but to feel a special responsibility to strengthen and propagate it. This your older colleagues who now welcome you to their number are confident you will do, and they wish you success and the full measure of happiness that devotion to the good cause can bring.











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